

52
1791

THE
KNIGHT and the *CARDINAL*.

A NEW
B A L L A D.

Addressed to the KINGS
O F
ENGLAND and *FRANCE*.

Tune of, The King shall enjoy his own again.

Quicquid delirunt Reges plectuntur Achivi.



L O N D O N:

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THE
KNIGHT and the CARDINAL.

A NEW
BALLAD.



N Time's Remembrancers we
find
To various *Passions* Men in-
clin'd ;
For Histories do often prove,
Rivals in *State*, as well as *Love*.

Astrologers declare,
When *Comets* do appear,
Some wonderful Things they portend ;
Some mighty Prince's Fate,
Or some *Minister of State*,
Whose Grandeur must soon have an End.

Have

Have you not heard what late did chance,
 So banter'd in *England* and *France*?
 I mean the grand and warm Debate
 'Twixt two Prime Ministers of State;
 'Twixt a *Cardinal* true,
 And a *Knight* of the *Blue*,
 Which made such a mighty Pother.
 But when *some Folks* fall out,
 You never need to doubt,
 They will tell what they know of each other.

The On-set by the *Knight* was made,
 Who nothing daunted, or afraid,
 Thus spoke; thou *Minister premier*,
 Thou *Politician* great and rare,
 Thou *Pillar* of the *Church*,
 Thou art left in the *Lurch*;
 'Twas done at *Vienna*, assure y'
 But *Provision* is made,
 And you still may accede,
 Then be not in Passion or Fury.

Observe, I am not in a Heat,
 Quoth he, thou Man of monstrous *Pate*;
 Your Debtor long I won't remain,
 But pay you in your Coin again.
 At home you rule the *Roast*,
 But nothing have to boast,
 No more send your *Noodle* to travel;
 For I will let you see
 The odds 'twixt you and me,
 Your Schemes I will quickly unravel.

The

The *People* you have lull'd asleep,
 And them in Expectation keep,
 You often promis'd you would see
 That *Dunkirk* should demolish'd be.

But, as sure as a Gun,
 It never shall be done,
 Tho' Thousands of Pounds you gave many:
 Whate'er you may get
 By *Secret Service*, yet
 By *Publick* you merit not any.

Your Head's with *Projects* over-grown,
 So fruitless, they are all your own;
 Has the *Vienna* Treaty made
 As yet King *Philip* to accede?

O, no; it ne'er shall be
 'Till *You* do yield to *Me*,
 Good Politick *Knight*, depend on't:
 As for your *Seville* Peace,
 It shall not long take *Place*,
 Since *France* has o'er *Spain* an Ascendant.

Hold, quoth the *Knight*, you run too fast,
 Remember what at *Hochstedt* pass'd;
Ramillies' Battle don't forget,
 We catch'd you fairly in our *Net*.

So just was then their Fate,
 The *French* did supplicate,
 In Pity a *Peace* we tender'd;
Spain too was then so low,
 We brought her to our Bow,
 Her Sea Ports to us she render'd.

Money, you know, commands Respect,
 And Gold brings forth a strange Effect;
 Old *Polignac* re-call'd from *Rome*,
 Prelages your approaching *Doom*.

Then all your *boasted Pow'r*,
 Shall vanish in an Hour,
 And be, like your *Grandeur*, abolish'd;
 And you will quickly see,
Dunkirk Harbour shall be
 To our *Satisfaction* demolish'd.

If the religious King of *Spain*,
 Inflexible shall still remain;
 If he the *Peace* shall once infringe,
 And what we've done for him unhinge;
 Our Cannons then shall roar
 Along the *Spanish* Shore,
Britons will boldly resist him:
 Let him strut and look big,
 They care not all a Fig,
 Tho' *France* should joyn and assist him.

But if he will be *dup'd* by *France*,
 We then will lead *You both* a Dance;
 What will he say, when he shall hear
 Our Fleet does on his Coast appear?
 A Peal rung in his Ear,
 Will fill his Heart with Fear,
 And make him sit down, and *Tremble*:
 We laugh at, and deride
 His haughty *Spanish* Pride,
 No longer can he then *dissemble*.

Touch'd

Touch'd to the Quick, thus straight reply'd
 The *Cardinal*, what may betide
Yourself, take care; for well you know
You near you have a Mortal Foe:

Tho' you would be thought *bright*,
 You shine with borrow'd *Light*,
 And if you should chance for to stumble,
 The People in a Rage
 Will pull you off the Stage,
 For aloud they begin to grumble.

Consider, what a War will cost,
 And think what Subjects Hearts you've lost;
 A War will new *Supplies* require,
 And that may set their *Souls* on fire:

Their Burden they bemoan,
 It is so heavy grown,
 Then do not add more to encrease it.
 With Reason they complain,
 Their *Purses* you do drain,
 Then take off their *Yoke*, or else ease it.

I hate to hear a *Statesman* preach,
 Let *Priests* such fulsome *Doctrine* teach:
 The Subjects may aloud complain,
 But their Complaints to me are vain.

My *Policy* does tend
 Only to my own End,
 Then why should I care for another?
 The *Galleons* shall bring in
 What has expended been,
 I shall find my Account there, Brother.

Thou

Thou hast ev'n *Machiavel* out-done,
 And I believe it all *your own*;
 Such *Policy* let's straight advance,
 In *England* you, and I in *France*.
 Let me have but good Store
 Of our old *Lewis d'Ore*,
 Then the People keep in Suspence, Sir,
 While we *Bob that Bob can*,
 In his Turn every Man,
 And *Dunkirk* shall be the Pretence, Sir.

F I N I S.

